

PR
5167
P312H3



Class PR 5167

Book .P312 H3





THE

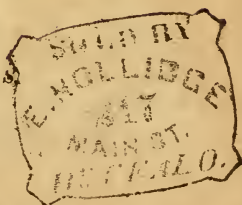
HAUNTED INN,

51
1335

A FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS.

Peake, R. B.



BOSTON :

PUBLISHED BY RICHARDSON, LORD & HOLBROOK.

1829.

167982

11

21

PR 5167
P 312 H 3

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Captain Levant	-	-	-	-	Mr. Jones.	Simpson.
Corporal Trot (his Servant)	-	-	-	-	" Matthews.	Placide.
Mr. Gristle (Landlord of the Inn)	-	-	-	-	" Hughes.	Knight.
Tommy Tadpole (his Nephew & Waiter)	-	-	-	-	" Liston.	Hilson.
Sir Tomkyn Probe	-	-	-	-	" Bennet.	Jones.
Etiquette (a French Jeweller)	-	-	-	-	" Gattie.	Williams.
Bluff (a Bailiff)	-	-	-	-	" Salter.	Povey.
John	-	-	-	-	" C. Jones.	Hayden.
Coachman	-	-	-	-	" Darnley.	May.
Angelica	-	-	-	-	Miss J. Paton.	Mrs. Godoy.
Mrs. Gristle	-	-	-	-	Mrs. C. Jones.	Wheatley.
Jenny Tuft	-	-	-	-	" Orger.	Hackett.

Scene in Essex—Time, a Night and Morning.



THE
HAUNTED INN.

ACT I.

Scene 1. *A Road—A Clump of trees at the back—
Evening.*

Enter Etiquette and Bluff. 2 E. P. S.

Etiqu. Now, now, Monsieur Bluff, I say now, de two persons did not go 'dis way.

Bluff. I tell you I lost sight of them just as we got to the top of the hill, only you're so obstinate, Mounseer Eat-a-cat.

Etiqu. Ah! Eat-a-cat! you cannot pronounce, my name is Etiquette, not Eat-a-cat, Etiquette of the firm of Messieurs Etiquette, Bijou & Co. Jewellers, Goldsmith and Wash men. Monsieur Bijou he attend to de business, all de fashionable people deal at our shop—I look after de money concern, by gar I have de most work to collect de debt.

Bluff. You are not a sleeping partner, then.

Etiqu. I get no sleep never, now I come all de way from London after de bad customer who has

Bluff. Who has hopped the twig, and you bring me, a respectable sheriff's officer to arrest him; well, now d'ye see, Mounseer, you've been chattering half an

hour, and Captain Levant, who we're arter, has got the start of us.

Etiq. Dat Captain Levant ! he is in debt over his head, I do not know his person, tho' my partner Monsieur Bijou does to our cost ! mais n' importe my sagacite sal find him out, ve have trace him from Sheldmsford.

Bluff. Yes, and magging in this way, you may dangle after him to the land's end.

Etiq. Non, non, I guess he is gone to visit Sair Tomkyn Probe, de lord of de manor here, because I know Sair Samuel de papa of de Capitainie, and Sair Tomkyn vere de friend of de bosom.

Bluff. Well, well, keep along this road, he's right afore us, come along, Mr. Eat-a-cat.

Etiq. Etiquette ! it is not Eat-a-cat, you stupidite, donkey, dog, venez donc Monsieur Bluff, you are de follower, lead de vay, you take dat path, I go dis, vich I tink will lead to Sir Tomkyn Probe's house of the manor.

Bluff. Remember you have got the red tail.

Etiq. Red tail—Eh ! I got de red tail, (*feeling his pig tail.*)

Bluff. The writ, the writ.

Etiq. Ah oui, adieu, adieu.

[*Exeunt Etiq. L. H. Bluff, R. H.*]

Corporal Trot peeps out from the clump of trees, then comes forward.

Corp. All is safe, advance, Captain.

Capt. (*Without*) John Trot.

Corp. What ?

Capt. Gone ?

Corp. Wheeled into the defile, Captain Levant.

Enter Captain, down L. H. from clump.

Capt. Hush, silence, bawling my name out publicly when I have cogent reasons to the contrary, just at this critical moment when I was hid like king Charles at Boscobel, and my pursuers not out of hearing.

Corp. Bless you, Captain, I would not have you arrested now for fifty pounds.

Capt. It is more likely that I should be arrested for five hundred : Trot, you know nearly all my secrets, I have offended my father, Sir Samuel, by my extravagance.

Corp. Lauk sir ! Extravagance ! your father, Sir Samuel Levant is as rich as a Jew, made his money among the Turks, traded to Constantinople, Smyrna, Tunis, and with the sharks.

Capt. The sharks !

Corp. The Algerines.

Capt. Well, a partial reconciliation has taken place, because I have consented to wed the lady he has chosen for me.

Corp. Going to be married, Sir !

Capt. Can't say, I have not yet seen the fair one by name Angelica ; she is the daughter of Sir Tomkyn Probe, to whom my father in his odd way has written this : I suppose a letter of recommendation, sealed up. I start from Chelmsford to cross the country to Probe Hall.

Corp. And the bailiffs start after us, that is after you, Sir.

Capt. This day's race at Newmarket is my only chance, I have backed the field against the favourite, if it goes wrong I am only deeper in the mire.

Corp. Mire ! I always thought that betting was dirty work, but you know, Sir, Mr. Joshua Nicks is to send an express to you from the race ground with the result.

Capt. To Sir Tomkyn Probe's, wherever Sir Tomkyn's seat may be, for I really don't know at present the residence of my father-in-law.

Corp. We stand a chance of bivouacking this night on the road, Sir.

Capt. (*Looking off.*) There they are, as sure as fate, the bailiffs, a tall fellow and a short one.

Corp. No, Sir, no, you are so near sighted.

Capt. Why he points this way.

Corp. It's a direction post in company with a mile stone.

Capt. In yonder thicket, Corporal, we will exchange dresses, you shall strut into my Stultz and I will attire myself in your Corporal jacket. Every gentleman before he consents to be tied up for life, should at least see the object of his affections.

Corp. My poor father, Sir, who was a higler—

Capt. Higler !

Corp. Yes, Sir, a sort of perambulating poulterer, he used to say to me "John, always look twice before you leap." Capital advice of the old cock, warn't it, Sir, a little accident obliged me to abscond from home.

Capt. A little accident !

Corp. Yes, Sir, the beadle came after me, you understand, Sir, cruel case.

Capt. What do you mean ?

Corp. They wanted to swear to a terrible falsehood, you understand, Sir, they wanted to swear that my father was a grandfather ! used a word I never heard before, filiation, I think they called it.

Capt. I will in this disguise, inspect the lady, and either with the perils of matrimony, or the bailiffs my person will be secure ; allons ! (*Enters the Thicket.*)

Corp. So I am to squeeze into the coat of arms of my little master ! I shall go into fits, he had better take leg bail to keep him out of the hands of the bailiffs, how faithfully I have served him—my reward—the old story of monkey's allowance more kicks than half-pence—if the Captain had an ounce of gratitude in his Gasometer he'd say, he'd say—

Capt. (*Without.*) Trot, you rascal, bring your jacket.

Corp. There I said so. "Let a gal," as the French say, right about face, doff coat and waistcoat—make ready to be a dandy ; left shoulder, forward march.

[*Exit after Captain.*]

Enter JENNY TUFT, with a basket, singing. 1 E. L. H.

Jenny. What a deuce of a way our house is from the village shop ; my marketing is all right. Tea, four shillings ; pepper, threepence ; lemons, eighteen pence ; thimble, a penny ; gingerbread for Tommy, a halfpenny ; poor Tadpole he is over head and ears in love with me, to be sure he is not handsome, but beauty is but skin deep, and there needn't be beauty on both sides. (*Corporal sneezes.*) What was that ? I wish this mystery was cleared up about the ghost : I dread bed time, and poor old uncle and aunt lead a terrible life with it.

Capt. (*without.*) Corporal !

Corp. (*without.*) I am dressing into line.

Jenny. Voices !

Re-enter Captain in the Corporal's uniform.

Capt. (*Seeing Jenny.*) What is that?

Corporal enters dressed extravagantly in the Captain's fashionable clothes.

Corp. What? Not a bailiff, Sir, it's a pretty girl.

Capt. (*apart.*) Give me my glass, I cannot see a yard from my face, (*Trot gives eye glass*) really a pretty bit of rusticity.

Jenny. A common sojer.

Capt. 'Pon my life, regular features, enamell'd teeth, and dimpled cheeks (*eying her.*)

Jenny. It's like your impudence, (*+ to Corporal,*) this gentleman will surely protect me.

Corp. (*To Capt.*) Corporal, you forget yourself, (*apart*) you see fine feathers make fine birds—Protect you! (*bombastically*) Where is the man, the Briton, who would not put both his best legs forward to succour, cherish and protect helpless and lovely woman.—(*Aside.*)—There's a speech! I heard that at the play house.

Capt. The swaggering rascal, I shall be presently compelled to dust my own coat with the Corporal's body in it. Tell me, sweet, is there any house of entertainment on the road, I'm almost famished.

Jenny. You look as if you were—

Capt. (*Aside.*) Complimentary! Egad.

Jenny. You poor sojers, haven't much money to spend, but (*turning to the Corporal,*) if the gentleman here wants refreshment—

Corp. The gentleman certainly does, ahem!

Jenny. (*Aside.*) I wish it was not so dark! The gentleman is so like my old sweetheart John Trot; my uncle keeps the Sun and Whalebone a top of the

hill. (*Aside.*) I shan't tell 'em it's haunted. (*To Corporal.*) We can give you a bed room, Sir; the house will be full enough, for Harlow Bush Fair takes place this week. (*To Captain.*) The sojer here can sleep in the hay loft.

Capt. (*Aside.*) Can he? The post of honor is a private station.

Jenny. (*To Corp.*) This way, Sir. (*To Captain.*) Sojer, you can march after us.

Corp. (*Aside.*) If I wasn't disguised for master's service, I'd ask this girl a question. She's remarkably like Jenny Tuft, whom I courted four years ago. (*Takes Jenny's arm.*)

Capt. Plague take it! My coat must not supplant its master. Pray, Miss, whereabouts is Probe Hall?

Jenny. Go up to Clay Lane till you come to Muddy Corner, which step over, then turn to the left through Splashy meadow, when you will arrive at Sink-me-deep gap.

Corp. Up Clay Lane, Muddy Corner, through Splashy meadow to Sink-me-deep gap, my wig, the Captain's clothes,

Capt. (*Apart to Corporal.*) Deliver this letter to Sir Tomkyn, but don't utter a word about your master. (*Removes him from Jenny.*) Take the letter, sirrah! Give it, but say nothing about me till I arrive, till the bailiffs are out of scent. I shall take up my abode with this pretty lass at the Sun and Whalebone.

Corp. Yes, and I may wade up to my neck through Clay Lane, Muddy corner, Splashy meadow, and Sink-me-deep gap—oh the blessings of being non-commissioned. I prefer private life. (*Aside.*)

Ready Crash. L. H.

Jenny. (To Corporal.) Are you not going to the Sun and Whalebone?

Corp. No, my man will see you safe there. (*Aside.*) Very like my Jenny. (*To Captain.*) No tricks, Corporal. Ahem!

Capt. Good night!

Jenny. Good night! This way, Mr. Sojer.

[*Exeunt Captain and Jenny. 1 E. R. H.*]

Corp. There, there's all the difference between a gentleman and his gentleman, he walks off with the prize and I n'importe. I'll seek my opportunity, she spoke of Harlow Bush Fair, I'll beau her to the sports and festivities. Country girls love nothing so much as a fair, bless 'em the fair sex. Zooks, I love the whim and jollity of a country fair myself. [*Exit L. H.*]

SCENE 2. *A room in an Inn—Table—chairs—broom.*

Enter Mr. and Mrs. GRISTLE, in trepidation. R. H.

Mr. G. Annabella!

Mrs. G. Well Euphemias.

Gris. Didn't you hear a noise?

Mrs. Gris. No, Euphy.

Gris. That's one comfort, we have lived my beloved in the Sun and Whalebone, creditably and happily for forty years—but for the last six weeks.

Mrs. Gris. Yes, my affectionate.

Gris. The premises have been tenanted by Satan and his imps. (*A crash without. L. H.*) Bless my soul, what was that?

Mrs. G. (Looks round.) I breathe again.

Gris. The spectre.

Mrs. G. No, the cat has knocked down a tin candlestick on the tea things.

Gris. Only the cat! That's one comfort—a storm's coming on.

Mrs. G. We have a roof over our heads, that's another.

Gris. Some unlaidd ghost drags a chain all over the house, hush! here's Tommy, don't let us frighten the poor lad.

Mrs. G. There's a sort of melancholy come about Tommy Tadpole, lately.

TOMMY sings without.

“In glided Marg'ret's grimly ghost,”

Enters 1 E. L. H.

“And stood at William's feet.”

Gris. For mercy's sake, Tommy, what is the matter with you?

Tom. Oh, don't ask!

Mrs. G. Tommy, by the love you bear me, haven't I been a second mother to you?

Tom. Most folks think you were my first.

Gris. Why, I never had any children.

Tom. Who said you had, Mr. Gristle.

Mrs. G. Your looks alarm me, Tommy, do you know any thing about noises in the night?

Tom. Noises in the night!

Gris. Aye, Tommy, have you been disturbed in bed?

Tom. Sometimes. I sleep over the stable.

Mrs. G. But has any thing awoke you in the night?

Tom. Oh yes.

Mr. & Mrs. G. (Eagerly.) What?

Tom. The little biting chaps.

Gris. Nothing else? That's one comfort.

Tom. Comfort! Try 'em, and you will have something to crack about.

Gris. The Sun and Whalebone is haunted, Tommy.

Tom. Haunted, uncle!

Mrs. G. Yes, there's a spectre in chains.

Gris. Stalks up and down the house.

Mrs. G. Taps at our bed room door.

Gris. Groans dismally.

Mrs. G. Warns us to quit the premises.

Tom. Oh, pooh, pooh, gammon, Mrs. Gristle.

Gris. We are on the rack.

Tom. So is your bacon, but I'll tell you how to save yourselves, and your bacon too, gammon or not. If the house is haunted why do you stay in it?

Gris. I'll go and consult Mr. Justice Yewtree, our clergyman and magistrate.

Tom. (*Aside.*) That mustn't be; he'll discover all. Uncle, Mr. Yewtree will fine you five shillings for being tipsy, and take away the license from the Sun and Whalebone, and then what a mooney you'll look like. Ghost, indeed! I don't believe in ghosts. If you are downright afeard, go and live at the cottage you bought in the village, and leave Jenny and I to manage the Sun and Whalebone. (*Aside.*) That's coming to the point at once.

Mrs. G. This is good advice, Euphemias.

Gris. I can take good advice, that's one comfort.

Mrs. G. We'll go to supper, that's another.

Tom. Aunt, make yourself a stiff glass of rum punch and I will come and help you to drink it. (*Exeunt Mr. & Mrs. G. L. H.*) There they go, a brace of superannuated^d old fools. By gosh, I shall frighten them out of the house now. I've been waiter here seven

years, and that's waiting quite long enough. I won't stand out any longer for the good will of the Sun and Whalebone and the good will of Jenny. I know I am old Gristle's presumptuous hair, but I want to see the name of Tommy Tadpole in the list of licensed wilters! (*Takes a book from his pocket, reads,*) "This is a true and particular account of that extraordinary affair, the Cock Lane Ghost." I've taken a leaf or two out of this book; "midnight noises," banging of doors, "groans, chains." I'll have another go at 'em this evening, they all believe it. Uncle Gristle is so credulous, I once persuaded him that an owl was a woodcock. (*Looks off.*) Jenny comes, I suffers her to be frighten'd as well as the rest.

Enter JENNY and Captain. 1 E. R. H.

Jenny. This is the Sun and Whalebone, young man.

Capt. Thank you, pretty maid.

Tom. (*Aside.*) Who is this chap she's so free with? I'll hector over her a bit. Jenny, you good for nothing creter, what a devil of a time you've dawdled on an errand, it is quite indecent and misreprensible of you.

Jenny. I'm sure, Tommy, I made all the haste I could.

Tom. You know you are a tarraddidling Jenny.

Capt. (*To Tom.*) Sir, whoever you may be, a temperate tone is considered the most gentlemanly in addressing a female.

Tom. Ha! but I'm not gentlemanly, and I don't want to be gentlemanly.

Capt. You disarm me, Sir.

Tom. I see you have not your gun with you.

Capt. (*To Jenny.*) Pray, is this wild boar the master of the house?

Jenny. Wild boar ! No, Mr. Corporal, he is Tommy the waiter.

Capt. Oh, Tommy the waiter !

Jenny. See, I've brought this gingerbread for you.

Tom. Don't think to allay my wehemenence with gingerbread. (*Takes it.*) A gingerbread wife too !

Jenny. A gingerbread wife is quite good enough for a husband who will always be snapping his wife's nose off. [Exit L. H.]

Capt. Waiter !

Tom. Coming.

Capt. (*Looking at him through his glass.*) A most uncouth monster certainly ; the reverse of the Centaur, the body of a man with the face of a horse.

Tom. My eye, a Corporal with a quizzing glass. I say my good chap, if you're so near sighted how do you get through your exercise, eh ? So. (*Takes a broom for a musket, and a large key for a quizzing glass, imitates military exercise.*) "Shoulder arms." "Port arms." "Ram down cartridge." "Make ready." "Present." "Fire." ha ! ha ! ha ! (*Looks through the key to see that each evolution is correct.*)

Capt. Entertaining youth !

Tom. Ah, that's what they all calls me.

Capt. Take your ugly body out of the room, let me see your bill of fare ; light a fire, draw some ale, dust the chairs, lay the cloth, mix a sallad and bring me a cigar. (*Seats himself on table.*)

Tom. Well ! the Corporal is going it. I'll let him down a peg or two—I say, my fine fellow, it's a rule in this house not to sit on the table, there's a werse over the chimley in the Tap Room cautioning all them that fringe that way.

"He who does on the table sit,

"A pot of ale shall forse it."

What d'ye think of that? (*Slaps Captain's back.*)

Capt. Think, booby, why I think that if your ale isn't better than your poetry, it is cursed flat.

Tom. Drawn without a head; mayhap! now isn't that a good one?

Capt. Go and do as I have ordered you.

Tom. Why you see, master Corporal, there's a little circumcolution as to that, our'n is a ready money business. We lunkeepers pay our taxes, which you are aware pays the *harmy* and the Prime Ministers and the Excisemen their wages. Now you perceive, we know that your annual hincome as a sojer is not above eighteen pence a day, and a good deal of that goes in pipe clay, so you see—

Capt. I see nothing but your stupidity.

Tom. You see it's as well, Mr. Corporal, (as we licensed wittlers pay our taxes,) that you should just show me whether you have any money in your pocket or not.

Capt. Ha! ha! ha! You sordid ideot; I'll astonish your avaricious eyes. (*Aside.*) Why, fury, the Corporal has gone with my purse when we changed clothes! I haven't a stiver.

Tom. Ah! I thought so! not a rap.

Capt. You will receive one in a minute if you do not lay the cloth.

Tom. Ha! ha! ha! What's the use of laying the cloth, there will be no eating to-night—dare say you are hungry enough! ha! ha! ha! Come, bundle.

Capt. Harkye, what's your name?

Tom. Mister Tadpole, to you, gentlemen, who pays their way, call me Tommy, be off! trudge!

Capt. But common humanity.

Tom. Stuff, I was clerk to the overseer of the poor last quarter, and I don't know what common humanity is.

Capt. But I can write to a friend who will remit me money, get me paper, pen and ink.

Tom. Well, the Sun and Whalebone won't be much out of pocket by that. (*X to R.*) I'll stand the sprat to catch the herring. Jenny, half a quarter of a sheet of paper! There's no ink in the bottle, but I'll bring you a little mushroom ketchup! Why, he's never a pen—if you'd a quill you could make a pen? The old goose has just gone into her pen, I'll give her a twitch and bring you a quill in a moment.

[*Exit R. H.*

Capt. Agreeable incident! A leader of the ton, an exclusive, the delight of all parties, the favorite of the ladies, in a beggarly hedge inn without a halfpenny.

Enter JENNY. L. H. with Mug.

Jenny. Tommy is gone out, I'll venture, Mr. Corporal, you have had a long walk, perhaps this will be acceptable. (*Offers mug.*)

Capt. You're a beauteous Hebe offering Nectar to an exceedingly thirsty Mars.

Jenny. I don't know what you mean, but it is ale.

Re-enter TOMMY with a quill, unseen by them.

Capt. Your health, my Euphrosyne! my Bacchante!

Tom. (*Aside.*) What does he say about his back. I say, sojer, come, none of that—mind what you are talking to the young woman about your back, and you, Miss Jenny, walk off, an't you ashamed of yourself; ugh, fie! What, at your old tricks with the sojers, before I made up to you, you had a sojer for a swan.

Jenny. Swan!

Tom. Swan, or swain, one Mr. John Trot, who most likely is shot.

Jenny. Perhaps not, come Mr. Tadpole, you haven't got your gingerbread wife to deal with. [*Exit L. H.*

Capt. (*Aside.*) Tadpole is jealous; uncommonly pretty girl that.

Tom. Handsome is as handsome does.

Capt. She will make an excellent wife to the man who is fortunate enough to gain her affections.

Tom. Do you think so, sojer! I'll tell you a secret, she and I are going to be united in oly wedlock.

Capt. Lucky dog! And you intend to keep this snug inn.

Tom. That's as it may happen.

Ready Storm.

Capt. Fancy the beauteous Jenny seated in the bar on market day dispensing her favors to drovers, graziers, malsters, hedgers, ditchers and pig jobbers.

Tom. Well.

Capt. The delicate privacy of the situation for one's wife, with a leer from one, a wink from a second, a coarse compliment from a third, a sly kiss from a—

Tom. What did you say?

Capt. A sly kiss, she has the prettiest lip.

Tom. Why Mrs. Gristle has set mixing here these forty years and nobody kisses her.

Capt. Mrs. Gristle might sit for forty years more, and no one would salute her but her husband.

Tom. No one ought, what is connubial bliss if any one is invidiously to perforate it.

Capt. No one can withstand Mrs. Tadpole; Jenny's a tempter.

Tom. Jenny a tempter, the prettiest lip for a kiss, pig jobbers. (*Aside. Calls off. L.*) Jenny, go to bed; coarse compliments; leering ditches; Mrs. Tadpole. Sojer, when you've scrawled your scrawl,

march—kissing. I'll draw this corporal a pint of sour beer, from the verdigrease tap! Jenny, you tempter, go to bed. *[Exit L. H.]*

Capt. Ha! ha! ha! Well, I must turn out, trudge all night, or sleep under a hay stack! Hungry too! At this very moment I have an engagement to eat devil'd pheasant and drink Champaign punch at the Clarendon.

Enter Mr. GRISTLE in his night cap, L. H.

Capt. Is this old gentleman walking in his sleep?

Storm without.

Gris. You hear the rain and the thunder, don't you?

Capt. D'ye think I am deaf?

Gris. Will not a good fire, a hot supper, and a dry roof be more agreeable than turning out in the wet.

Capt. Who makes your night caps?

Gris. Who? Why Annabella, that's one comfort.

Capt. Annabella?

Gris. Annabella comes this way.

Capt. (*Aside.*) Annabella! Oh! some smart condescending cousin. (*Enter Mrs. G. in night cap.*) Mother Shipton, by all that's marvellous.

Mrs. G. Euphemius, Euphemius!

Capt. (*Aside.*) Conjuring! uttering maledictions—anathema—pray Goody, by what names do you call your spirits?

Mrs. G. Old Tom Hodge's best and peppermint.

Gris. You must know that we suspect, but we hope it isn't so—but we have reason to apprehend that it is supposed, but there's no certain proof to the contrary yet.

Capt. What the devil is it, good folks, any murder committed?

Gris. It may have been, will you on the conditions of supper and fire, consent to sit up till day light in yonder room? The fact is a Ghost,

Capt. Oh! a ghost! Is that all? I beg his ghostship's pardon, certainly, my compliments, I shall be happy to see him.

Mrs. G. (*Shudders*) Happy to see him.

Gris. Settle the business at once. (*Calls.*) Jenny, light the Corporal up stairs, the cloth shall be laid.

Capt. And after supper the ghost shall be laid.

Enter JENNY with a candle.

Gris. Take the Corporal into No. 3, on the staircase.

Jenny. Mum, No. 3, the haunted room on the staircase.

Capt. Yes, my dear, like Don Giovanni, I am going to sup with the ghost.

Mrs. G. Jenny, go quick.

Jenny. Yes, ye, yes, aunt, I won't go alone; come Mr. soldier, let me take care of you. (*Taking hold of his arm.*)

Capt. Good night, Euphemius—Fare thee well, Annabella, Shipton! Come along, little Candelabra, ha! ha! ha!

[*Exeunt Jenny and Capt. L. H.*

Storm.

[*Exeunt Mr. & Mrs. G. L. H.*

SCENE 3.—*A room—in the room across the back is a gallery, with several doors leading to other apartments—A stair case from the gallery to the stage.*

Captain at a table—JENNY arranging.

Jenny. Oh, didn't you hear a noise?

Capt. Cats, my dear, cats, mere midnight orgies; you don't call this a room, pretty lass? It's a sort of landing place.

Jenny. I'm so frightened I don't know what it is, but here you are to sit all night. (*Aside.*) If you are not flown away with.

Capt. Then we'll have this table a little more out of the current of air. (*They bring it forward.*) Why are you so alarmed? I shall not hurt you.

Jenny. Lauk, Mr. Corporal, I'm not afeard of you.

Capt. You are a devilish pretty girl, Jenny.

Jenny. Ye, yes, Sir. (*Apart.*) At twelve o'clock it will stalk across that gallery.

Capt. A raw head and bloody bones.

Jenny. Ugh! for mercy's sake.

Capt. Why Jenny, how your little heart beats, what! frightened—collect yourself—I never saw but one ghost in my life.

Jenny. Ah! where was that?

Capt. The ghost in Hamlet.

Jenny. And isn't this a Hamlet—oh (*Thunder*) goodness see there—a light.

Capt. Where?

Jenny. There! (*Falls into Captain's arms overcome with terror. Mr. and Mrs. Gristle cross the gallery with candle from L. to R. in their night dresses.*)

Mrs. G. Come, Euphemius.

Ready, clock 12.

Capt. Mother Shipton in deshabelle.

Gris. The soldier is there, that's one comfort.

Capt. Come, come, Jenhy, its only your uncle Ephemius and your aunt Annabella.

Mrs. G. Jenny, go to bed.

Jenny. Yes, aunt, ah aunt, ours is but a hamlet—and the Corporal has seen a ghost too in his hamlet. (*Ascends stairs, enters a door. Mr. & Mrs. G. go into another door on the gallery, bidding "Good night."*)

Capt. Good night, lassie, that girl is too pretty for Mr. Tadpole. (*Seats himself.*) And now his serene highness the spectre may appear as soon as convenient. (*Lights a cigar.*) I suppose Sir Tomkyn Probe has furnished Corporal Trot with rations and quarters, thanks to the perturbation of the Gristles, I have obtained a night's lodging and can puff my cigar at ease. (* * * *Clock strikes 12.*)

"Now is the very witching time of night,

"When church yards yawn."

Captain Levant, my good fellow, you must reform, discard dissipation, avoid hazard, cut Newmarket, and pay your tailor. (*Attempts to snuff candle and puts it out.*) Confusion, I have snuffed my solitary candle out, here's a commence, if I could find my way up that stair case to mother Shipton's room. (*A rattling of chains without.*) What's that? the cart horses coming to bed? A light appears. (*TOMMY attired fantastically as a ghost, a lantern in his hand and dragging heavy chains, appears in the gallery.*)

Capt. Ha! the spectre. (*Conceals behind table.*) A frightful object truly, it's lips move, what denunciation is it about to utter?

Tom. Somebody been smoking, there's a smell of fresh bacca.

Capt. This is an olfactory spirit.

Tom. There goes a Morgan rattler. (*Shakes chains.*) Now for a groan from the kitchen to the garret.—(*Groans and coughs.*)

Capt. I never heard of a ghost with a cough.

Tom. Curse the cough, it's the bacca. (*Rattles the chains and clears his voice.* *Mrs. G. screams within.*

Tom. Ahem ! I'm the ghost of Mr. Jerry Abershaw, I am hanged in chains.

Capt. You lying rascal.

Tom. Quit these premises.

Gris. (*Within.*) Mercy, good spectre.

Tom. Or I'll haunt you 'evermore and be cursed to you.

Capt. Here's a scoundrel.

Tom. Now I've done my job. (*Crosses gallery, comes down the stairs with the chain rattling after him.*) Jenny has been in a pretty pucker, never mind, poor thing, the old folks will bundle to-morrow—I shall be landlord, and won't I have a merry time on't.

Capt. (*In a hollow voice.*) Beware !

Tom. What the devil was that ? a voice ?

Capt. Oh Tadpole, Tadpole, Tommy Tadpole !

Tom. What's that. (*Trembles.*) I don't believe in 'em.

Capt. Repent your sins ! "The hour is almost come."

Tom. What's o'clock ?

Capt. "When you to sulphureous and tormenting flames must render up yourself."

Tom. Oh help ! murder ! they're all too frightened in their beds to help me, here's a real ghost, and I, sinful wretch, have been a mocking. (*Falls on his knees.*) I didn't believe in 'em before—oh good spectre, go back.

Capt. Go back ! Where ?

Tom. To Cock Lane.

Capt. (*Collars and shakes him.*) You ungrateful villain, is this the way you repay the kindness of your relations and pretty Jenny ?

Tom. By gosh, it's the Corporal, I thought you had left the house.

Capt. This prank shall cost you something. Hallo!

Tom. Hush! silence! don't bring out the Gristles with your bawling, and you shall go snacks, promise you won't tell them to-night and I'll give you rum enough to float your cartridge box in, to-morrow morning.

Capt. Up scoundrel, up! Come forth Euphemius, come forth, Annabella! The ghost is laid, the ghost is laid. (*Mr. & Mrs. G. and JENNY put their heads out at the doors with lights, screaming.*)

Capt. Away, hideous spectre, away. (*Canes Tommy.*)

Tom. Oh don't, I give up the ghost, I give up the ghost.

Capt. Gorgon, avaunt! (*Beats him up the stairs across the gallery, exclaiming*) "Victoria," "Victoria," (*the females continue to scream.*)

Act drop falls rapidly.

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.—SCENE 1.

An apartment at Probe Hall, breakfast on table, Sir Tomkyn Probe discovered, John in waiting.

Sir T. At what hour did the gentleman arrive last night?

John. Between eleven and twelve, Sir, and according to your directions, the housekeeper showed the gentleman to bed in The Taffeta chamber.

Sir T. (*Apart, taking up letter.*) This from Sir Samuel is a mere introduction of his son Captain Le-

vant—formal enough—not so explicit as the prior letter marked “private” which is here, bearing the Worcester post mark. Is the Captain stirring?

John. Sir?

Sir T. The Captain, the gentleman that came last night.

John. Oh yes, Sir, got up as soon as it was light.

Sir T. Early military habits.

John. Seems an odd sort of gentleman, Sir.

Sir T. How?

John. Notwithstanding his fine clothes, he insisted on cleaning his own boots, Sir.

Sir T. Strange!

John. Instead of using his dressing stand, he went and washed his face at the pump.

Sir T. Very extraordinary, see if Miss Angelica is in the garden. (*Exit John, Centre.*) Can there be any mistake? (*Looks at letter*)—“Permit me, my dear friend, to introduce herewith, my son, Captain Levant, to you.” That is the pith of the letter the Captain brought last night—(*Takes up the other*)—this is the one his father, Sir Samuel Levant, sends to me by the post, from Worcester. “By this time you will have received under your hospitable roof my son. I will not conceal from you that he is thoughtless and eccentric.” Ha! cleaning his own boots for that! “His prevailing passion is an ardent love of the Turf,” ha! rubbing down the horses for that! (*Reads*) “Should Captain Levant be fortunate enough to make a favorable impression on your fair daughter, the sooner we can steady him by so advantageous a match for all parties the better.”

Enter Angelica with a rose, centre.

Ang. Good morning, papa, I have discovered the most beautiful Provence rose. (*Places it in his coat.*)

Sir T. Thank you, my dear.

Ang. Williams tells me a stranger arrived last night after we retired.

Sir T. A stranger, my love, who I hope will not long continue so, this letter, of which the stranger was the bearer, will explain. (*Gives letter.*)

Ang. Captain Levant arrived.

Sir T. Whom I trust you will look upon with a view to your future happiness, the estate is magnificent, Angelica.

Ang. I shall endeavour at all times to meet the wishes of the best of fathers, but I cannot promise to like one I have never seen.

Sir T. My love, he is a highly educated person. (*Calls John. Enter John, L. H.*) Where is Captain Levant?

John. In the coach house, Sir.

Sir T. In the coach house! Admiring the new barouche, I suppose?

John. No Sir, he's playing at pitch and hustle with little Bob the postillion.

Sir T. Confusion! did you tell him breakfast was ready.

John. Yes, Sir, but he said if it made no odds to you he'd rather get his breakfast in the servant's hall.

Sir T. Inexplicable! request him to join us immediately. (*Exit John, L. H.*)

Ang. What does this portend?

Sir T. Mere modern eccentricity, my dear, the young gentlemen of the present age pride themselves on their eccentricities, and I presume Captain Levant is a first rate specimen of the genus.

John. (*Without.*) This way, Sir.

Corporal. (*Without.*) What, up stairs?

Sir T. Now, my pretty Angelica, if there should

be a little oddity in the son of my valued friend, Sir Samnel Levant, do not let the early impression prejudice you.

Enter Corporal, L. H. in his hand a horse's bridle, and head harness and blinkers which he is rubbing:
Sings,

“Mr. Simpkins liv'd at Leeds,
And he had a wife beside,
Who as she wore the breeches,
She often wish'd to ride.”

(Sees Sir T.) This is Sir Tomkyn and his filly, I suppose.

Sir T. Extraordinary looking person; I am exceedingly happy to see you at Probe Hall, my good Sir—what are you amusing yourself with?

Corp. Cleaning up this curb a bit, Sir.

Sir T. A bit?

Corp. Yes Sir, here's a bit and a curb too.

Sir T. Put them away for the present—my daughter. *(Angelica curtsies and goes to table.)* You are very like your father, Sir, rather taller.

Corp. Your honor has seen my father lately then?

Sir T. Your honor! a joke my dear. Eccentric.
(To Angelica.)

Corp. (Aside.) I'm so glad he knows my father, I wonder where he became acquainted with the old poulterer.

Sir T. Are you aware that I have received a letter from your father.

Corp. (Aside.) A letter! my father can't write.

Sir T. Of a very marked character.

Corp. That might be. *(Aside.)* Father does make his mark.

Sir T. Your father is a warm old gentleman.

Corp. Yes he is (*Aside*) in the summer time.

Sir T. He picked up a good thing in the Turkey trade.

Corp. Yes Sir, turkey trade answered very well (*aside.*) at Christmas time.

Sir T. When in business I recollect he kept a large account in the Poultry.

Corp. Yes Sir, great dealings in the poultry, (*Aside*) and in sucking pigs too.

Sir T. Come, my dear Sir, we can dispense with your affected rusticity; Sir Samuel's introduction is quite sufficient to ensure you a welcome; your hand?

Corp. Isn't it taking a liberty with your honor?

Sir T. You are a most facetious person. A piece of advice I would offer, perhaps prematurely. The ladies prefer a man of sentiment and gravity to a habitual jester—a hint.

Corp. (*Aside*) What the devil does he mean?

Ang. The breakfast, papa.

Sir T. (*To Corp.*) The breakfast is ready.

Corp. Then I'll humbly take my leave. (*Going.*)

Sir T. My dear Sir, why do you think of quitting the room?

Corp. I've no objection to see my horse take his feed, because why, poor creter, he can't be cheated, but I don't hold it polite to see your honor, a barrow knight, eating his breakfast. (*Going.*)

Sir T. My good young friend, I cannot comprehend you. Sit you there, and my daughter will be most happy to pour out your tea. (*Corporal sits R. H. with an embarrassed air.*)

Corp. Young madam is very good. (*Aside.*) If they make so much of me, what will they make of the Captain?

(*Rises in an ardor of description.*) down came the Curassiers! We charged them. (*Runs knife into ham.*) The artillery was admirably served, bom, bom, bom. (*Throws egg shells and rolls.*) Forward! and forward we went, pell mell they went right and left. "Forward!" was the cry, we overturn'd every thing, (*Knocks the urn over.*) Mercy, Madam, I hope you are not scalded.

Ang. This person is deranged.

Corp. I was wounded in the arm, Miss, I'll shew you, (*Preparing to take off his coat.*) See here, Miss?

Ang. I assure you, Sir, I have no wish.

Corp. It's not the least trouble. (*Pulling off coat.*)

Ang. There's no bearing this—the most outre and ill bred person, I ever met in all my life.

[*Exit hastily L. H.*]

Corp. Oh, oh, yes, I see, my linen is a little worse for wear. (*Puts on coat.*) Well, all this is comical, they put me in a bed last night large enough to hold my father and mother, my uncles and aunts, and all the rest of my family; I could hardly find my way out this morning, I was obliged to debouche at the foot. I wonder how master gets on at the Sun and Whalebone, he told me not to say who I was till he came here, now the nobs are gone, I'll peck a bit.—(*Sits centre at table*)

Enter SIR TOMKYN. L. H.

Sir T. (*Apart.*) This Frenchman turns out to be a creditor in pursuit of the Captain here. Pray! did you expect any person to follow you here?

Corp. Oh yes Sir. (*Aside.*) I expect master every minute.

Sir T. How was it possible he could trace you?

Corp. I'll tell you, but it isn't manners to speak with my mouthful.

Sir T. I must at once apprize you of your danger.

Corp. Danger !

Sir T. They are in pursuit of you.

Corp. I haven't deserted, I've got my furlough in my pocket. (*Aside*) No, I haven't, curse my gentleman's coat—the captain has it.

Sir T. Of what avail will your furlough be, they are in pursuit of you, I say.

Corp. (*Aside.*) It is that curst filliation business, but they shan't father their sins on me. (*To Sir T.*) Is it the beadle ?

Sir T. No, a bailiff.

Corp. Bailiff! Oh! ha! ha! ha! he! he! he! excuse my laughing, Sir Tomkyn.

Sir T. Cease this ill-timed levity, I am endeavouring at this moment to gain time by amusing the bailiff below.

Enter ETIQUETTE unobserved, centre.

Corp. The best amusement for a bailiff is hunting.

Sir T. His enquiry whether you were in the house evidently embarrassed me.

Corp. Psha! tell him at once, the Captain is not here.

Etiq. (*Aside.*) Ah, dat vil not do for me.

Corp. You are not up to this business—don't you see I am not the Captain ?

Sir T. Alas! what a father, and what a son !

Etiq. Bluff de Bailiff is away! dey sal tink I am de sheriff's officer—I have got de writ. (*Advances.*) Monseigneur milles pardons, mais, (*taps Corporal's shoulder gracefully, shewing a writ*) vous etes mon prisonneur !

Corp. Taken prisoner by a Frenchman! hang it!

(*Tucks up his cuffs.*) Mounseer, you and I must have a little bout—Come on. (*Squares at Eliquette.*)

Sir T. I forbid a pugilistic encounter, Captain, you are lost for ever in my estimation.

Corp. I tell you I am not Captain Levant.

Etiquette. Pardon Monsieur—Sair Tomkyn is de best proof. I am ver sory, you must come to de locket up house, Shelmshford jail.

Sir T. No jail, no, no, bad as he appears he is the son of my old friend ; hark'ye monsieur.

Etiquette. Avec grand plaisir, monseigneur!

Sir T. If I was to bail, what is the amount of the debt?

Corp. Sir Tomkyn, don't let that French fellow do you out of any thing. You shan't pay a farthing, Sir Tomkyn, I don't owe sixpence in the world—because why, nobody will trust me.

Sir T. Insufferable! Farewell, Sir. [*Exit L.*]

Etiquette. Allons donc!

Corp. London! I thought you said you were going to Chelmsford. (*Calls off.*) Good bye, Sir Tomkyn, come you French spider and you'll find that you have the wrong fly in your web. Beware laying hands on me! If you don't understand that in English I can speak French to you. “Attendez Mounseer—Je vous donnerai un grand Trap sur votre tête bring up both votre yeux—and joue hell and Tommy avec vous for a month to come, so prenez garde.

[*Exeunt D. in F.*]

SCENE 2.—*A room in the Inn.*

Enter TOMMY, R.H.

Tom. Oh my back, he caned me from my ears to my saddle! gosh! what a larrupping he gave me! I've

done with ghostesses and specterizing, I'm no longer hard hearted, I'm beaten till I'm tender—the Corporal hasn't peach'd, I think the Gristles are frightened out though. (*Enter Mr. Gristle with luggage, &c. L. H.*) What is the matter, uncle Gristle?

Gris. Don't ask! your aunt has gone to the white cottage and will never come into this house again. Here are the keys, Jenny and you must manage the Sun and Whalebone as well as you can.

Captain. (*Without. R. H.*) Any body inquired for me?

Gris. Ah that soldier, brings last night's horrors to my recollection.

Tom. (*Aside.*) So he does to mine.

Enter CAPTAIN, R. H.

Capt. (*Apart.*) I am getting anxious for the express from Newmarket to ascertain how the race has gone—Well, old gentleman, any return of the ghost?

Tom. Hush! be quiet—Rum!

Capt. My dear Tadpole; you should have been present to have seen how I caned the spirit; he'll remember the Corporal.

Tom. (*Aside.*) Curse you and your Corporal punishment.

Capt. The spectre will remember the two stripes on my arm.

Tom. (*Aside.*) I can't forget the hundred and two on my back.

Gris. Well, good bye, Tommy, be an honest lad, never attempt to deceive me, or I have it in my power to cut you off with a shilling. [*Exit. R. H.*]

Capt. A lesson to posterity.

Tom. Lesson to posterity, so if ever the old gentleman finds out my deception, he will cut my posteri-

ty off with a shilling—he is gone, tol, lol, de rol, lol
Now I am landlord of the Sun and Whalebone. (*Aside.* ^t
I wish that cursed Corporal would march, though.

Capt. So Mr. Tadpole, this is now your concern. ^o

Tom. Yes, sojer, yes, I'm a licensed wittler at last!

Capt. You are a happy fellow.

Tom. That depends on my Jenny.

Capt. And a little on me.

Tom. Eh! how?

Capt. Your uncle has just said, that if ever he finds you out in the attempt of deceiving him, you will not only be ejected from the house, but from his will.

Tom. He said so, but what of that?

Capt. Then I make the Sun and Whalebone my free quarters, as long as you are landlord.

Tom. What! I dare say indeed.

Capt. I will be your first customer Tadpole, you know I have not a penny, but I will stick to you as firmly as the old man of the sea stuck to Sinbad the sailor.

Tom. Well, I suppose you are joking, Mr. Corporal.

Capt. You will find it a bad joke for you. Mr. Tadpole, who is the nearest magistrate here?

Tom. Magistrate! Mr. Yewtree at the Priory. Why?

Capt. Only in that case, I should have to make an oath before him, as to the means by which you have got possession of these premises.

Tom. Eh! why you wouldn't think of such a thing, would you?

Capt. To be sure it might turn out something like transportation for the offender, or a swing in the open air with your friend Mr. Jerry Abershaw.

Tom. Bless my soul and body, you don't say so.

Capt. (*X to R. H.*) Which is the road to Mr. Yewtree's?

Tom. (*Holding him.*) Stay, Corporal, don't think of blowing me, you can't be so unfeeling.

Capt. Where was your feeling, you fat ugly rascal, when for weeks past you have disturbed the repose of the whole family.

Tom. Think of the larruping you gave me! I'll make you a present of five and sixpence, and a 'bacca box, if you'll go away and say nothing, pray go.

Capt. No.

Tom. Stay, then, eat and drink (*Aside.*) and choke; here's a pretty kettle of fish—Jenny comes as merry as a grasshopper.

Enter JENNY, R. H.

Jenny. So, Tommy, you are master now, and I am mistress, delicious! as things are alter'd, I think Mr. Tadpole, as we're come to the property, one ought to go a little genteeler.

Tom. There you go, the first thing that runs in a woman's head is dress.

Jenny. Mrs. Twiggler, the travelling milliner, is in the parlour.

Tom. Well, what of that?

Jenny. She has the sweetest cap, the prettiest bonnet, and such a love of a riding habit—I long for them.

Tom. I'll trouble you not to begin longing, Jenny.

Jenny. I'm sure you ought to afford to see your future partner in life looking decent.

Tom. I hope you will look decent, and beware of the pig jobbers. (*Winking at Capt.*) Eh, Corporal!

Jenny. But I want, really want the articles.

Tom. Want! you've more wants than the Times

newspaper, and they've two columns of 'em—I shan't give you any thing, and that's flat.

Capt. (Aside.) I must interfere! Tadpole! go to Mrs. Twiggle, my good fellow, buy the bonnet, the cap, and the riding habit, and present them to pretty Jenny.

Tom. If I do, I'll be—

Capt. You won't, very well—across the field leads to Mr. Justice Yewtree's. (*Going.*)

Tom. Ugh! Curse you, (*Calls off.*) here, Mrs. Twiggle, shew us your crinkum crankums. (*Exit R.*)

Capt. Tommy is so sweet tempered, he will refuse me nothing.

Jenny. Dear Mr. Corporal, have you killed the ghost?

Capt. Yes, and sent it to be pickled in the Red Sea: (*Gazes at her. Re-enter TOMMY, with the bonnet on his head, cap and habit in his hand.*)

Capt. How I love her innocence.

Tom. Loves her innocence, pretty innocence it will be.

Capt. One kiss, Jenny, for killing the ghost.

Jenny. (*Hungs her head.*) There's no harm in a kiss. (*Captain kisses her.*)

Tom. (*comes between them.*) Ahem! here's the things from Mrs. Twiggler's.

Jenny. Oh, you dear Tommy.

Tom. Dear Jezabel, oh Jenny, you're a *Hadder* in my bussum.

Capt. No, no, she will be an adder to your comforts, forgive him, Jenny.

Jenny. (*Offering her hand.*) Tommy.

Tom. I'm like a Tom Tit on a bird lime twig. Come here, Jenny—grinning rascal. (*Shakes hands.*) There,

run away and enjoy your finery, you little cock-a too, you.

Jenny. Thank'ye Tommy. [Exit, L. H.]

TOMMY *in meditation*, CAPTAIN *slaps him on the back*.

Capt. Come, my joyous Tadpole, you have not time to be thoughtful. Be alive, roast some ducks, boil some fowls, grill some pigeons, and devil some biscuits, go to the cellar and bring half a dozen of the best wine, I'm liberal in my orders, tho' I have not sixpence.

Tom. Ducks, wine, indeed—I'm ruined, involved like a blue bottle in Treacle, I'll try and frighten him by a fixed and determined look. (*Puts his hands in his pockets and stares at Captain.*) Do you notice the expression of my face?

Capt. It is beyond all expression, a little sage and onions with the ducks, Tadpole!

Tom. (*Calls off.*) Jenny, where did you put the ratsbane I brought home t'other day?

Capt. Ratsbane!

Tom. If I should in the anxiety and the agitation in which you put me, spill some of the ratsbane into the duck's gravy, lauk a'mercy on those that eat it.

Capt. "A weak invention of the enemy," what, add murder to robbery? Mark me, sirrah!

Tom. Yes, don't be passionate.

Capt. A good dinner, the best wine, none of your red ink! All these with civility, or you know what will happen, you are in my power. Ha! ha! ha!

[Exit, R. H.]

Tom. I know I'm in your power, but I can't ha! ha! ha! afterwards—what a feller, even pisen won't frighten him, I'll try and 'tice him out in the yard and shove him down the well.

[Exit, R. H.]

SCENE 3d.—*Another room in the Inn*—CORPORAL seated with a pipe, ETIQUETTE pulling the Bell.

Etig. Vy dey no come! ver odd, de Capitaine should smoke de vulgar pipe. (*Rings.*) Dis a house of entertainment?

(*Voices within.*) “Landlord.”

Corp. I think it is a house of call—I am certain the pretty girl in the bar is my own Jenny Tuft.

Enter TOMMY with a Newspaper, R. H.

Etig. Are you de vaiter?

Tom. No, the landlord.

Etig. Bring a post chaise.

Tom. Post chaise?

Etig. Oui, post chaise to go ver fast, avec quatre chevaux.

Tom. I don’t understand gibberish.

Etig. Quatre chevaux. Post chaise, vid quatre horses.

Tom. A post chaise with cart horses? Do you think you will go any faster for that?

Etig. Oui, vite, vite, allez vous en, I must get to Shelmsford tout suite.

Tom. Sweet! no one wants to prevent your going to Chelmsford, sweet! (*Gives newspaper to Corporal.*) Look at the County Chronicle, sir?

(*Voices without.*) “Landlord.”

Tom. There’s the pig jobbers again, and dash it, a fellow staring at Jenny like a cod fish. I must investigate my prerogative. [*Exit R.*]

Enter CAPTAIN, laughing, R. H.

Capt. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Lynx-eyed Tommy watches Jenny closely ! Hey, the Corporal !

TROT shakes his head significantly and affects to read.

Capt. Won't speak, some motive. I wonder who this respectable old gentleman is ? (*To Corp.*) What is the news, sir ?

Corp. Here's the ship news, sir. (*Reads.*) "The Dragon Cutter, commanded by John Trot, was boarded and captured by a vessel under foreign colors. The foreigner had been known as a pirate, and was in chase of another Cutter, the Captain of which was fortunate enough to keep out of the way."

Capt. Very interesting ! (*Aside.*) Cunning rascal ! Yonder then is the bailiff, and Trot in my clothes is arrested for me. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Etiq. Ah, Monsieur Capitaine, you read de news encore s'il vous plait to pass de time.

Corp. "That remarkably fine frigate, the Angelica, is not at present manned."

Capt. Ah !

Corp. (*Reads.*) "For beauty she is pre-eminent ; she is in perfect sailing order, though her Captain has not yet joined her."

Etiq. (*Rings bell.*) Diable ! de chaise—vere he is.

Enter TOMMY, R. H.

Tom. Directly, sir. (*Going, R. H.*)

Enter COACHMAN, R. H.

Tom. Here's another !

Coach. Ah, Thomas ! my master, Sir Tomkyn Probe, has had an accident ; the axletree's broke, and a wheel's come off, at Muddy Corner ; can you give us any help with the carriage ?

Tom. It's fair day, there's nobody to spare.

Coach. Miss Angelica is in a fine hobble, then.

Capt. (*Apart.*) Angelica!

Coach. What am I to say to Sir Tomkyn?

Tom. The Sun and Whalebone is full. (*Aside.*) I don't want Sir Tomkyn here, poking his nose, and won't spend a farthing.

Capt. Coachman, tell Sir Tomkyn here is an excellent room, and Miss can wait till the carriage is repaired.

Coach. Do you say so, Mr. Tadpole?

Tom. No, no room, no. (*Captain puts himself in a ghost attitude.*) Yes, yes, plenty of room. You'll drive me to despair, driving! driving! driving! Go on, Coachman. [*Exit, R. H. following Coachman.*]

Capt. (*To Corp.*) Give the Frenchman the newspaper.

Corp. (*Crossing to Eliq.*) Look at the paper, mounseer, till the chay comes.

Eliq. Milles graces, Capitaine, I sal read the sheep news. (*Reads.*)

Capt. His attention is occupied—so Miss Angelica is beautiful?

Corp. As a new pair of colors, and coming—

Capt. She is coming here, 'sdeath, I must not be seen in this paltry dress.

Corp. You have no other but the one on my back.

Capt. Then we must change suits again—but he'll not let you go out of his sight, ha! ha! ha! you're his prisoner.

Corp. Leave it to me, I'll make the Frenchman stare, you shall buy the clothes of me. (*Walks about in a mock melancholy mood.*) I am going to jail! I'm going to jail! Short commons, pray remember the poor debtors.

Etig. Ah, oui, Monsieur, je suis bien fache, mais. I have taken your person.

Corp. There I may rot in the straw, for money I have none.

Etig. Monsieur Capitaine.

Corp. Tho' you call me Captain, yonder soldier is better off in the world than I am. (*To Capt.*) Hark'ye Corporal.

Capt. Your honor!

Corp. What cash have you?

Capt. I've a few sovereigns, your honor.

Corp. I am without sixpence, and I am going post haste in a post chaise to jail! Have you a mind to buy my coat and waistcoat? (*Taking off clothes.*)

Etig. Pardon, Capitaine, you no part with all your habillements.

Corp. Unfeeling creditor, you arrested my person, you have nothing to do with my wearing apparel! it is my person only.

Etig. Ah, oui, ce'st vrai.

Corp. Then it is my person only that you shall take to prison, I'll sell every thing I have got on me; coat, hat, shirt, stockings, waistcoat, pantaloons, boots; I'll have my head shaved—my hair's my own, you'll allow that—dare to touch a hair of my head, I'll go to jail in my birth-day suit, they shall say you've brought the young Apollo to prison, I'll tell them the naked truth.

Etig. Eh! horreur! Mon cher, Monsieur s'il vous plait, I cannot convey my prisonnier into jail de po-side naked!

Capt. I'll buy all the clothes, your honor, (*Aside.*) and my friend Tommy shall pay for them. (*Calls.*) Tadpole!

Tom. (*Without.*) That everlasting Corporal.

Capt. Leave all your customers, and come here this instant, or I'll send for Justice Yewtree.

Enter TOMMY, R. H.

Tom. Your ducks are down, they are indeed, upon my honor!

Capt. Your honor!

Tom. Eyes right! and please to turn your military nose towards the kitchen and you'll smell as savoury a smell—

Capt. Value this coat; this gentleman and I are making a little sort of Monmouth street exchange here of our suits.

Tom. (*Aside*) What is he going at now? (*They are re-dressing in their own suits.*)

Capt. Now, Tadpole, how much should I give for the suit, allowing for my jacket in return?

Tom. I'm no old clothesman.

Capt. (*Peremptorily.*) Speak!

Tom. Yes, about, about, about—

Capt. About three pounds ten.

Tom. I really can't say.

Corp. I'll get a little more out of my master—eh! I must have three pounds ten and a pot of porter. (*Aside to Capt.*) The last pair of cast off epauletts.

Capt. (*Aside.*) The dog has me.

Corp. (*Aside to Capt.*) A hot dinner every day next week.

Capt. Agreed.

Corp. A pound of best pig-tail to send to my father.

Capt. Silence, now, Tommy, what's the value of the coat, &c.?

Tom. (*Aside.*) I'll work him now, a rascal. Three pounds ten! the things are well worth five pounds ten! don't you sell them for less than five pounds ten.

Capt. A bargain. Tadpole, go to your till and lend me five pounds ten, I appoint you my cashier.

Tom. You're the wampire that sucks people, pray, pray, let me out of the wortex.

Capt. You have but one course, which is to obey.

Tom. (*Whimpering.*) Five pounds ten, oh my five pounds ten.

Capt. (*Looks off.*) Who have we here ?

Tom. (*Sobbing.*) Sir Tom. Tom, Tomkyn Probe and Miss Angeli-gelica—five pounds ten !

Capt. (*Looks off.*) Enchanting creature indeed. You said Sir Tomkyn was your landlord, he will doubtless like to hear the ghost story.

Tom. Hush ! you shall have the five pounds ten in a moment. I'm muddled with the two—which is the Corporal, which the Captain, the Captain's a Corporal, the Corporal's a Captain, and both are swindlers—the five pounds ten directly. [*Exit, R. H.*]

Capt. And I being myself again, will welcome Sir Tomkyn and his fair daughter, to the Sun and Whale-bone.

CORPORAL sings dolefully.

“ It was L. A. W. law

And the bailiff had set his claw.”

Enter BLUFF, R. H.

Etiq. Ha ! Bluff, ha ! ha ! de French employé is de more clever, dan de Anglis bailiff voila. (*Pointing to Corp.*) Diguse as he will, ha ! ha ! de prisonnier is in my custard.

Bluff. Where ?

Etiq. There—there—voici.

Bluff. I know Captain Levant's person well, you have got the wrong pig by the ear.

Corp. I'd thank you to speak more respectfully, young man. Do I look like a sow ? Is this the figure or countenance of that lugubrious animal ?

Enter JENNY, R. H. Yes, it is.

Corp. Eh!

Jenny. My own dear John Trot, after all.

Corp. Jenny, Jenny Tuft. (*Embrace.*)

Bluff. Thcre, Mounseer, I said so.

Etiq. Milles pardons! Bluff, I am mistake, I have de suspicion he is dis vay, ve vil vash—ici.

Bluff. Come along. [*Exeunt Etiq. & Bluff, R. H.*]

Corp. And you thought I was killed, Jenny.

Jenny. Ah! yes, John, but you are alive.

Corp. Yes, Jack's alive, alive and merry.

Jenny. Ah, John! they say I am going to be married.

Corp. Never mind, Jenny, as long as they only say so.

Jenny. What will Tommy do?

Corp. Do? do without, whoever he is.

Enter Sir TOMKYN, ANGELICA, & CAPTAIN, R. H.

Ang. A ludicrous mistake indeed, Captain Levant.

TOMMY is crossing from L. to R.

Tom. By gosh, my landlord.

Sir T. Ha! ha! and how ridiculous, that a creditor of yours, a Frenchman, has arrested your servant instead of you.

Tom. What's that? I'll get rid of him, the Frenchman here and the bun bailiff—hurrah for the condemned hole. [*Exit, R. H.*]

Capt. This is the last of my acts of folly, and should the fair Angelica—should she condescend.

Re-enter TOMMY, with ETIQUETTE and BLUFF, R.

Tom. (*To Bluff.*) That's the man. What do I see,

consternation ! there's Jenny sitting on a sojer's knee pan. [Exit, L. II.

Bluff. You are my prisoner, Captain, at the suit of Eat-a-cat & Bijew, goldsmiths and watchmakers.

Ang. Arrested !

Capt. Miss Angelica, do not utterly condemn me—Farewell, my folly is bitterly punished.

(*Enter Coachman, R. H. with a letter.*) A letter for Captain Levant, Sir. [Exit, R. H.

Capt. From Newmarket, Nicks has kept his promise, and this will decide my fate. (*Reads.*) “Dear Captain, the three year old filly, upon which you took the long odds, came in first, beating the field hollow.” Glorious, I win £8,000. Sir Tomkyn, hear me most solemnly renounce gaming in every shape.

Enter TOMMY, L. H.

Sir T. I congratulate you, Captain, on recovering the money you have lost : if you are firm in your determination not again to risk it.

Tom. (*To Etique.*) Be off with him, the chaise is come, no cart horses, real good ones to go.

Capt. (*To Etique.*) Draw off your bull dog.

Etique. Ah, oui—adieu, Mademoiselle et Messieurs venez—come, Monsieur Bluff.

Exeunt ETIQUETTE and BLUFF, R. H.

Tom. That French spooney has gone without him.

Sir T. (*To Tom.*) Hark'ye, sirrah ! what is the report about this inn of mine being haunted ?

Tom. (*Aside.*) The Corporal Captain has let the cat out of the bag. (*Falls on his knees.*) Oh, Sir Tomkyn, temptation fell in my way to detract me

from the paths of virtue and innocence, love did sum-mut, love of liquor more.

Corp. (*Without.*) Where's my master. (*Enters with Jenny.*) I'll tell the Captain the whole affair, oh, the nobs again.

Sir T. Ah, my non-commissioned son-in-law, ha ! ha ! ha !

Corp. I have now slipped into my own skin, and can again stand at ease—Captain, you have often heard me sigh for one Jenny Tuft, have I your permission to make her Mrs. Corporal John Trot.

Tom. No, she's to be Mrs. Tommy Tadpole, ain't you, Jenny?

Jenny. Why, Tommy, necessity had almost made me marry you, but here is my first, my only love.

Tom. There goes my money, my roast ducks, my boil'd fowls, and my wife.

Capt. I will refund all but Jenny Tuft.

Jenny. Thank you, Sir.

Capt. (*Takes Angelica's hand.*) I am the happiest creature alive. (*To Tom.*) Confess yourself the happiest creature alive.

Tom. (*Mournfully.*) I am the happiest creature alive.

Capt. Happy ! we will all be happy, you shall confess your imposture to your uncle and aunt, we will make the hamlet merry with the tale, and surrounded by friendly faces and cheerful smiles, anticipate many re-appearances of the Ghost at the Haunted Inn.

THE END.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 528 979 8

